

The Shelby News.

AMERICANS SHALL RULE AMERICA.

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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 3, 1855.

Orders have been received at the Philadelphia navy yard for the immediate equipment of the U. S. ship *Jamestown*. She will be commanded by Capt. F. H. Ellison, and bear the broad pennant of Commodore Thomas Crabb, being destined for the coast of Africa to relieve the *Constitution*.

WASHINGTON Gossip.—The correspondent of the New York Express has the following:

The rumor that the British and French Governments had entered a remonstrance against the acquisition of the United States of the Sandwich Islands, is without foundation. It is true, however, that there has been a correspondence on the subject. The ministers referred to have asked what are the intentions of the U. S. Government in the matter. The interference of the British Consul General at Honolulu will not be approved by his own government. The Central American expedition, under the superintendence of Col. Kinney, of Texas, is now the great theme of comment in diplomatic and political circles. One of the most prominent Senators expressed yesterday a half formed determination on his part to resign and join the colonists.

I understand that quite a row is brewing between Gen. Gadsden, our Minister to Mexico, and the Administration. Mr. Marcy, complains most bitterly of the total inefficiency of Gen. G. as a diplomatic agent, and wishes to rid the Administration of his blunders by having him at once recalled. This will not be done, but he will probably be detailed for other service. With the Mexican Government, too, he is in bad odor, and they are anxious for his recall.

The correspondence between Mr. Belmont, our Minister at the Hague, and the Secretary of State, Mr. Marcy, relative to the capture and detention of Capt. Gibson by the Dutch Government, shows the fact charged against Mr. Belmont that he was representing Capt. Gibson's case most favorably with his pen, while it can be shown that he secretly counteracted all his efforts by private representations to the authorities.

The usually well informed correspondent of the Philadelphia North American and Gazette, records the following startling speculations:

There is some conversation over a report that a negotiation is in progress for the transfer to France of all the British possessions in the West Indies, as an equivalent for the extraordinary exertions and sacrifices which will be required of the French in the Eastern war. The great want of the allies is men. England can furnish money, ships and material, but cannot raise the troops. This negotiation is said to be the special object of Lord Palmerston's mission to Paris. The policy which dictates this important cession is understood to be this—the United States appear determined to annex all the West Indies. After the acquisition of Cuba and Porto Rico, Hayti would naturally fall a prey to its system of expansion. After that the policy of the Republic would be directed to the acquisition of Jamaica and the other British Islands.

The home government has still ample means to defend them; but her interests require the continuance of peace with the United States. Her manufactures would be ruined were her supplies of American cotton to be cut off for a single year, and American grain in years of European scarcity may be the only resource of the British population against the horrors of famine. It would not be worth while to hazard these vast interests by a naval war, for the protection of distant island colonies, which have long ceased to be profitable.

The commerce of France with the United States is of secondary importance, and would not be allowed to prelude the acquisition or the defense of possessions so flattering to the French pride, as the British Islands in the West Indies. I give you these as speculations, sent to members of the government by close political observers in Europe.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24, 1854. Interesting from Washington—Cabinet Rumors—Curious and Rich Developments.—The change in the Cabinet originated with Forney, who had received in a letter from Buchanan, an assurance that "any step he, in confidence, might take to get Marcy out of the Cabinet, would meet with his approval." This letter was shown among the others to Cushing, and it also contained the assurances of his (Buchanan's) early retirement to private life, and a censure on Sikes.

The particulars of this letter got to the ears of Marcy, in spite of the cautious secrecy attendant upon all the diplomatic acts of Forney. Marcy made known these facts to certain members of the Cabinet, and they in turn gave them to Pierce. It soon got abroad that Marcy would resign for London, to be succeeded by Buchanan. Your paper, I think, carried the earliest intelligence of this bit of news. To get popular feeling in its favor, Forney wrote to his confidential friends of the press and solicited their aid in the matter, as did also Cushing. Forney taking care to reserve each letter or article as it came to his hands for ulterior purposes.

Now the story runs that Forney, at the supposed proper time, called upon the President with his documents and commenced proving to the President the unpopularity of Marcy, and the necessity for an immediate change. Pierce took the extracts or letters, turned them over one by one, and before they had all been examined, Marcy entered the President's room. Pierce, in his bland manner, handed over the documents to Marcy, who, taking them, inquired "what they were?" "Evidence," said the President, "so I am informed, of your unpopularity with the people, for the office of Secretary of State."—which Mr. Marcy followed up with the remark—"the writer and procured and published by request of a person not far from your side." The extracts were returned to Forney, who left the room, having been caught in his own trap.

About this time appeared in sundry papers throughout the Union, severe reflections upon other members of the Cabinet; which, upon comparison, were shown to have been written by the same pens that made Marcy's removal necessary. Cushing and Forney are supposed enemies; and so general is this impression, that Cushing has not a friend in the Cabinet left him. There is not the slightest foundation for Marcy's resignation, and no hope that Cushing can be gotten clear of.—N. York Herald.

Naturalization Law.

SPEECH OF MR. ADAMS, In the U. S. Senate, December 11, 1854, on the subject of Naturalization.

Mr. ADAMS, in pursuance of previous notice, asked and obtained leave to introduce the following bill; which was read a first time.

Be it enacted, &c., That from and after the passage of this act, no alien shall be admitted to become a citizen of the United States, unless he shall, at the time of his application to be admitted, declare and prove, to the satisfaction of the court having jurisdiction of the case, that he has resided in the United States twenty-one years at least; provided that any alien who may be a resident of the United States at the date of the passage of this act, shall be entitled to all the benefits of the third condition specified in the first section of the act approved April 24, 1802, of which this act is amendatory.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That so much of the third condition specified in the first section of the act approved April 24, 1802, entitled "An act to establish a uniform rule of naturalization, and to repeal the acts heretofore passed on that subject," as conflicts with the first section of this act, be and the same is hereby repealed.

Mr. Adams: Mr. President, I move that the bill be read a second time with a view to reference, and upon that motion I ask the indulgence of the Senate while I explain the provisions of the bill, and give the reasons which have induced me to offer it. I am aware that this is not the usual course of proceeding—yet it is in order, and I know myself liable to misconception. I only ask that my remarks may go to the country with the introduction of the bill.

The bill proposes a change in our naturalization laws to this extent, in lieu of five years the alien must reside in the United States twenty-one years; but the change is entirely prospective. All foreigners who may be inhabitants of the United States at the time of the passage of the law, will be entitled to naturalization, according to the laws now in force; those only who may come after that period will be affected by it.

I would defend no man of any privilege or immunity secured by the Constitution and laws of the country, nor would I impair or abridge any prospective rights promised by existing laws. But sir, self-preservation is said to be not only the highest duty of man to himself and his Creator, but one above law. The same rule applies with equal force to governments. If this position be true, the inquiry arises, is the country in danger from an excess of foreign population?

I have been asked to give the country a view of the whole subject, I here present a table showing the increase of population for the last fifty years, the probable increase by the same ratio for the next century, as well as the amount of immigration to this country for a series of years.

Increase of population in the United States for fifty years.				
1800	5,305,925	1830	12,866,920	
1810	7,239,814	1840	17,069,513	
1820	9,638,131	1850	23,191,873	

Decennial increase per centum.

From 1800 to 1810	36.43
From 1810 to 1820	33.39
From 1820 to 1830	33.20
From 1830 to 1840	32.67
From 1840 to 1850	35.87

The population in the year 1800 being 5,305,925, and the year 1850, 23,191,876, the increase has been 437 per centum on the population of 1800, calculating the same ratio of increase for the next fifty years, our population in the year 1900 would be 101,349,498, and in the year 1950, it would reach, if the same increase is continued, 442,907,296.

Arrivals of foreigners in the U. States.

From 1800 to 1810	70,000
From 1810 to 1820	114,000
From 1820 to 1830	135,986
From 1830 to 1840	579,368
From 1840 to September 1850	1,677,330

Total to September 30, 1850 2,576,684

From September 30, 1850, to January 1, 1852	49,437
From January 1, 1852 to January 1, 1854	372,725
From January 1, 1854 to January 1, 1855	368,643

From September, 1850, to January 1, 1854 1,118,805

Total Foreign paupers for 1850, 13,437.

Thus you will see, that if we should preserve the Union, this entire continent will be necessary for the wants of our descendants one hundred years hence, without the addition of foreigners. I then ask every American, whether native-born or adopted, if it is not our duty to preserve this fair heritage for the use of our children, and not lavish it on those who had no share in either achieving our independence, maintaining our free institutions, or developing the resources of this happy and prosperous country. True, sir, we have a vast unoccupied territory yet it is being settled and populated with a rapidity which seems almost fabulous. By ordinary increase of population during the next fifty years, we shall have no more room than will be necessary for the use of the then inhabitants. But, sir, when we look to the fact that, from 1800 to 1850, the arrival of foreigners in the United States was twenty thousand, and now they are over 400,000 per annum—estimate the constantly augmenting number of immigrants with their probable increase for a few years, and it becomes alarming. If these were the only consequences involved, I should have felt it my duty to offer the bill under consideration; but sir, the political destiny of this country is one of higher moment; the true danger lies in the improper use of the ballot-box. I ask Senators to cast their eyes over this country and see the number of foreigners, who often march in procession to the polls, controlled frequently by a single mind, selecting for us our most important officers. See the riots and mobs in our cities—look at their protest, on your Journals, against the passage of laws to secure to our citizens the right of self-government; then see them hang in effigy an American Senator, for having the honesty and independence to mete out equal justice to all sections of this Confederacy; see the organization of a party known as the German Progressive Republican Party, whose avowed object, among other things, is to abolish the Sabbath, that holy day of rest, a day cherished, loved, and revered, not only by all true Christians, but by the toiling, laboring millions throughout Christendom—and then tell me if you do not see danger. If this be the case, it is apparent, is it not the duty of every patriot and statesman to lay aside personal and party considerations, and apply the remedy if there be one, legitimately within our reach?—When the present naturalization law was passed, the annual immigration, as I have shown, was about seven thousand. There were bold and enterprising men, dispersed throughout the country, and soon became

familiar with our government and laws, as they still do in the South. This is not the case now in the North and the Northwest. They come to the northern States at the rate of nearly half a million a year; they come in communities of hundreds and thousands. Many remain in your cities and become servants and waiters; others, more enterprising, go to the Western States and settle upon neighborhoods and counties—never learn our language, but retain their mother tongue; they have but little intercourse with Americans, and are consequently, many years in learning the genius and structure of our government. Many, I admit, come here with intelligence and patriotism sufficient to give the elective franchise reposed in them even in less time than is now required. So with regard to minors. Many young men from eighteen to twenty-one would vote as intelligently and judiciously as others at fifty, but we cannot discriminate. We must legislate for classes. If we adopt this rule, we shall have but little difficulty in arriving at the conclusion, that the terms of this bill are sufficiently liberal for the safety of the country. Some will be excluded too long—many admitted too soon. Men born, reared, and educated under the monarchial government, taught to believe in the divine right of sovereigns to give law and rule, cannot unlearn in a day the education of their lives, and if this were possible, an alien has much to learn of the character of this government before he should approach the ballot-box. Our government is a complex one of State and Federal power—all power emanating from the people, and every man, woman, and child in this broad land is entitled to, and should worship the Deity as to him or her may seem right and proper, or withhold their adoration, being responsible alone to the Author of their being. This is a liberty above price, and for this many have laid their heads upon the block, and were the gainers thereby. Thus esteeming the privilege, I would deprive no one of it, from the slave to the most exalted in the Government; and it is because I entertain these sentiments—because I wish to preserve these inalienable privileges; to perpetuate our three glorious institutions unimpaired—that I desire to see this bill passed. I have been asked if I am not a Know-Nothing, why I do not attack these secret political organizations? I answer, that I have never condemned or approved the Masonic fraternity, or Odd Fellows, further than the external fruit they bore. I have seen the widow's tear dried from her eyes, and the orphan clothed and educated by their charity. Such fruit I most cordially approve. The Know-Nothings are a new order; whether their organization is destined for good or evil, time alone can determine with certainty. If we know their principles we could judge more correctly; as it is, we must wait. They have not been in existence long enough for us to see their fruit matured. If, at the organization of the next Congress, at the other end of the Capitol, the friends of the constitution, the friends of the Union, the friends of the people, should rise up and rescue the national men in that body in dispelling the gloom that now hangs over the country—save the government from the hands of the fanatics—such a vote would meet my decided approbation. Such a vote could not flow from a polluted fountain; such fruit could not grow on a tree which has no good in it; therefore I shall judge them as I judge others, by the good or evil they do the country.

But I am told that the States have the right, and do exercise it determining the qualifications of voters. I am apprized of that, and my answer is that they have conferred on Congress the power of passing uniform laws of naturalization, should, in all good faith to the general government, and each to the others, conform the qualification of voters to the laws of naturalization. Many of the States have done so, while others have not; yet such change in public opinion has been manifested recently as to justify the belief that all, or nearly all the States will conform to the principle of this bill, or something approximating to it, and thus the twenty-one years period named in this bill, I thought it proper to say, and so far as I have heard an expression of opinion, it is the favorite. If the bill should not pass this session, it is presented in a legislative form, and can be transferred to the people; if they desire it, they can elect Representatives to pass or reject the proposition. It is a precautionary, or conservative political measure. If it succeeds, no inhabitants of the United States, at the time of its passage—whether native born or foreign—will be excluded by it, for it is as much for the benefit of the native as the other. If it should fail, but little injury will be likely to accrue to us in our day. Much may to our children. Why should there be an alarm at this proposition? No man in the United States can complain that injustice is done to him or his. If any person has more solicitude for the welfare of the subjects of other governments than the citizens of this, he differs from me.

The patriots of the Revolution, who framed the Constitution, and who fought side by side with the noble foreigners in the mortal struggle, believed some restriction on the right of citizenship to be necessary; and, therefore, conferred on Congress the power of passing uniform naturalization laws, and provided expressly that no other than natural born citizens should hold the offices of President and Vice President of the United States. No hearts ever beat with livelier or warmer sentiments of gratitude than theirs; yet they loved their country and the institutions they founded better than all things. If I owned more land than is necessary for my sons, I might divide the surplus with my poor neighbors; but as I have not, I shall certainly leave what I have to them, and let others take care of themselves. So, if we had more territory than our descendants would probably require within a reasonable time, this measure would not be important in the point of view in which I am now treating it. I have taken a period which may be said to be too remote, that "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." This is a Divine rule of course proper in its place, but would not hold good in regard to laws for the government of man or providing for the right and principles of our successors.

Suppose our ancestors had rested upon that motto, would the Revolution which severed the ties that bound this country to the government of Great Britain have taken place? If those patriots and immortal statesmen had only looked to the benefits accruing to themselves and not to their posterity, would the short time they could have expected to enjoy the blessings of liberty been an adequate compensation for the treasure that was spent, the suffering endured, and the blood that was shed to obtain independence? No sir; for the benefit of posterity, the land was baptized with the purest blood that ever was shed upon the altar of liberty. If they had consulted the interests of themselves alone, and the wishes of their friends in the Old World,

liberty, rational liberty, as enjoyed by us this day, would never have been known. Then if we neglect legislation proper and necessary for the protection of those who shall come after us—both as to country and laws—and we not recant to the high trust reposed in us? Mr. Jefferson said: "Civil government being the sole object of forming societies, its administration must be conducted by common consent. Every species of government has its specific principles. Ours, perhaps, are more peculiar than those of any other in the universe. It is a composition of the freest principles of the English Constitution, with others derived from natural right and natural reason. To these nothing can be more opposed than the maxims of absolute monarchies. Yet, from such, we are to expect the greatest number of emigrants. They will bring with them the principles of the governments they leave, imbibed in their early youth; or, if able to throw them off, it will be in exchange for an unbounded licentiousness, passing, as is usual, from one extreme to another. It would be a miracle were they to stop precisely at the point of temperate liberty. These principles, with their language, they will transmit to their children. They will infuse into it their spirit, warp and bias its directions, and render it a heterogeneous, incoherent, distracted mass."

I may appeal to experience for a verification of these conjectures. But if they be not certain in events, are they not probable? Is it not safer to wait with patience, for the attainment of any degree of population desired or expected? May not our government be more homogeneous, more peaceable, more durable? When Mr. Jefferson thus wrote, we were a feeble nation, now we are strong and powerful, and his arguments have more force from the lights of experience. In 1800 the foreign arrivals were seven thousand, now over four hundred thousand per annum. Suppose we estimate the increase of immigration for the next fifty years in the ratio of the past fifty years in the ratio of the past fifty years, and add their natural increase. Why sir, it would be worse than the locusts of Egypt. We would have to give place to them as the aborigines have to us. We know that the character of the immigrants has greatly changed. In 1802 the date of the present law, they were a noble race. Some of this class yet come, but we know that many of the present arrivals are from jails and houses of correction—in a word, the refuse of Europe. In 1802 we had no foreign paupers, in 1850 we had thirteen thousand four and thirty seven. This is conclusive evidence of the difference in past immigrants. I suppose it is the oppressions of European governments which is pouring upon our shores such numbers of paupers. Well, sir, I sympathize with the poor and unfortunate in every country, but an American citizen to prefer that the tyrannical governments which produce these paupers should take care of them, and believing, as I do, that the facility with which they become citizens serves as a great stimulant to immigration, I desire to see it changed.

But sir, there is another point of view in which I consider this important question. If the foreign vote shall at any time be strong enough to have a controlling influence in our elections, it will greatly impair the confidence of our people in the stability of the government. The basis of our political edifice may be said to be the virtue and intelligence of the people, and the strongest ligatures that bind and hold it together are the confidence and affections of the people. Destroy them, and it crumbles and falls to the earth, and buries in its ruins the liberties of the most favored people in the world. I ask, what is better calculated to destroy the confidence of the country in our government than admitting to the ballot-box the immense number of unimproved foreigners now crowding our shores?

If the facts and figures I have here presented, in the condition of the country, past, present, and prospective, do not require the enactment of such a law as I have proposed, I have altogether mistaken the necessities of the country. As no human being now in the United States can possibly be injured by it (except myself, politically), I shall never regret the humble effort I have made to preserve to our country the best and most precious of all our political rights—government by man since sin entered the world.

If the bill is read again without objection, I shall move its reference to the Committee on the Judiciary.

The bill was ordered to a second reading, read a second time by unanimous consent, and referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

KENTUCKY CATTLE IN BOSTON.—Our Bourbon friends have been furnishing the solid men of Boston with Christmas meats. Nine of the largest and most perfectly formed cattle ever seen in all "down east," were taken to Boston, by Mr. B. Hibler, of Bourbon county, and sold for two thousand and six hundred dollars.

THE SECRET OF BARNUM'S SUCCESS.—A year or two ago some acquaintances asked P. T. BARNUM, (now a millionaire, but a poor boy not many years ago) what was the secret of his success. "Printer's ink," was the laconic but pregnant reply. In his autobiography which he has just published, and the copy-right of which alone has yielded him enough to make a man rich he explains the important secret as follows:

Advertise your business. Whatever your occupation or calling may be, if it needs support from the public, advertise it thoroughly. I freely confess that what success I have had in my life can fairly be attributed more to the public press than to nearly all other causes combined. There may possibly be occupations that do not require advertising, but I cannot well conceive what they are. Men in business will sometimes tell you that they have tried advertising and that it did not pay. This is only when advertising is done sparingly and grudgingly. Homoeopathic doses of advertising will not pay perhaps—it is like half a potion of physic, making the patient sick, but effecting nothing. Advertise liberally and the cure will be sure and permanent. Some say, why cannot you afford not to advertise. In this country, where everybody reads the newspapers, the man must have a thick skull who does not see that these are the cheapest and best mediums through which he can speak to the public, where he is to find his customers. Put on the appearance of business, and generally the reality will follow. The farmer plants his seeds, and while he is sleeping his corn and potatoes are growing. So with advertising. While you are sleeping your customers are being read by hundreds and thousands of persons who never saw you or heard of your business, and never would, had it not been for your advertisement appearing in the newspapers.

Counting-House Calendar.

Month	Day	Event
Jan	1	New Year's Day
Jan	2	St. Basil's Day
Jan	3	St. Epiphany
Jan	4	St. Basil's Day
Jan	5	St. Basil's Day
Jan	6	St. Basil's Day
Jan	7	St. Basil's Day
Jan	8	St. Basil's Day
Jan	9	St. Basil's Day
Jan	10	St. Basil's Day
Jan	11	St. Basil's Day
Jan	12	St. Basil's Day
Jan	13	St. Basil's Day
Jan	14	St. Basil's Day
Jan	15	St. Basil's Day
Jan	16	St. Basil's Day
Jan	17	St. Basil's Day
Jan	18	St. Basil's Day
Jan	19	St. Basil's Day
Jan	20	St. Basil's Day
Jan	21	St. Basil's Day
Jan	22	St. Basil's Day
Jan	23	St. Basil's Day
Jan	24	St. Basil's Day
Jan	25	St. Basil's Day
Jan	26	St. Basil's Day
Jan	27	St. Basil's Day
Jan	28	St. Basil's Day
Jan	29	St. Basil's Day
Jan	30	St. Basil's Day
Jan	31	St. Basil's Day

ANNUAL ADDRESS

Carrier of "The Shelby Weekly News."

Dim midnight has pass'd, and in fancy we hear
A slow, solemn knell, for the death-stricken year;
And Time seems to beat, in the hour-frenzied glare,
A heart-rending peal—a concluding clasp.
Thy light has burn'd out, our shades are no more,
And we bid thee mournful farewell, '54!
Yes! 'thou art gone, we shall ne'er again look,
With anxious eyes, into thy mystic book,
Its lids have just closed, for its last chapter's done,
Its race is now finished—its goal has been won!
And although its pages to us have presented,
So much to admire, we're not quite contented
With all that's been done, for we think we have cause
To complain of the loss "illustration of laws";
More especially so, since in city and town,
We frequently hear that some man was shot down.

Ask why this is so, and the answer, of course,
Is because we are careless of laws to enforce,
Unmindful, horrible, has planted its ban
In the hearts of so many, that thus the vile stain,
Is printed upon us; and dozens, like Cain,
Are ranging town, hamlet, sea, city and plain.
The time seems approaching, and whether we roam
To a far distant country, or travel at home,
On a turpentine, in rail-cars, or water or earth,
Every man for defense, must be sharp-shooted teeth.
Because it's the custom to shoot now for fun,
Then nobody's safe without pistol or gun!
Some shoot for money, and some shoot for fame;
One became frantic and killed his step-dame;
One got so idle, he'd 'dought to employ
His time, killed for whipping a school-boy.
One becomes jealous and raves in a passion,
He fears not the law, no, he swears 'tis the fashion,
For him, who believes he should hazard his life,
Believing some man has insulted his wife!
We heard of a man once who killed, 'tis no fable,
A man who just looked at him twice at a table.
We read of another, we took down the note,
Who shot at his friend pulled the pin from his coat.
We say we have laws, then they pray them enforce,
And cry the murderous fount at its source;
If not, there is mob-law, and this, we much fear,
Will present to us something unjust and severe.
They'll say "it's our right" by justice is decreed,
And "I'll hang 'em" every murderer six feet from the ground.
What! hang up a rich man? your neighbor will say.
Why, what do you mean! hang a rich man! do pray!
Do silence such prattle, such nonsense or fudge,
When money will buy sheriff, and jury, and judge!
We off see a murderer loosed from the jail,
His friends raise the money, give bond for his bail;
And when he is specially bailed he's no fear,
He knows he's safe, he'll be sure to get clear.
We off hear of charity, Christians and love,
Of the vengeance of Him who o'er rules above,
Of apostles, of bishops, of gospel and grace,
Of preachers who hint of some horrible place,
But nobody heeds them, tho' earnest and loud,
They preach of the "coming of Christ in the cloud";
We'll look 'till we're tired and prayed for reform,
But we seem to make more dismal and loud growls the storm.

Our laws are becoming as musty old stuff
No longer we reason's gold hoard stuff.
Then be not mistaken, nor scold you, nor frown,
When it's hinted that mob-law must put murder down.
Our juries, 'tis said, are too kind to refuse,
A murderer's crimes to wipe out; they excuse
And believe as the nigger, who 'clares 'twas a 'fack,'
To hang a man 'never felt nobody back.'

Ere we close, we should offer to Heaven above,
Thanksgiving for plenty, health, peace, wealth and love,
Although foreign nations, at war, we are told,
Are bleeding, in strife, we ourselves have consold,
That no cruel tyrant's invading us here;
Oh! may we be peaceful, throughout this New Year!
We regret that old England believed it was right,
With Louis Napoleon—that scamp—to unite;
For, if I were a soldier, I'd wager my lance,
In less than six months he'll be kicked out of France.
Kind friends! we so greet you, a New Year comes on,
In friendship we meet you, this rosy hue'd dawn;
And tho' 'tis winter, and snow drifts and frost,
The land blooming meadows, and smooth roads have crossed.
And the northern blast whistles so harshly and chill,
Come, open your doors, and your purses to Willie.
You've welcom'd him often, when autumn winds drear,
Came the green leaves and blossoms of summer to cheer,
When the spring-days with zephyrs came over the hills,
Bringing flowers and melting the ice-impair'd rills,
When the violet, rose, and the lily's white bell,
Shed their fragrance in garden, wild greenwood, and dell.

And now, as we bid you good morning, do hear,
Our prayer for your happiness during this year,
Then hasten, kind patrons, upon this young dawn
Of the New Year, to buy our Old ring, ere we're gone.
(The following beautiful Poem was written for "Willie's New Year's Offering," but we think it will give you a better idea of our business, than any other we could give you. It is a poem of a poet, and we hope, long, long may be ranked among the brightest stars in the poetical constellation.)

FOR WILLIE'S OFFERING.
THE DYING AND THE NEW-BORN YEAR.
By FICKLE, JR.
'Tis midnight—dark and gloomy, and the never-ceasing bell,
That timed the first creation, now rings forth a solemn knell!
Once more the tomb of ages shows its open bosom drear,
And place is made wherein to lay the cold, death-lighted year.

Behold! From each sarcophagus a spirit form is seen,
It croucheth forth upon its gate, a year that once hath been;
Some dim, and vague, and visionless, some as tall as giant old,
They gather round the work of death, the paleless and the cold.

And now with hollow footsteps do they bear away their dead,
And lay him where the thousands that have gone before are laid—
Again the yawning cavern closes back with solemn sound,
And wakes most dreary echoes from each hill and valley round.

The bells ring out more merrily; and with the joyous peal,
Troops after troops of airy ones upon our vision steal;
More shadowy are their spirit forms than those we just have seen,
Though clad in shining vestments, and the future's gold and green.
These are the happy spirits that will bring us coming year,
May their joy be not saddened by the sight of human tears.
May their proud banners, brightly glancing, ever And not a mortal cease their day but liveth for the skies.

They come in gay procession, and within their midst they bear—
His forehead bound with sceptre flowers, the glad and youthful year;
Upon a cloud-pillared throne they seat him high in "Hail, King of Earth! upon thy brow be never written Care!"
He reigns begun, they vanish all, and vale and wood and stream
Lie still beneath the moonlight's shewn, as if 'twere all a dream.
The morning cometh quickly on, the sun resumes his way,
The words come from each other's lips, "A Happy New Year's day!"

Counting-House Calendar.

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Month	Day	Event
Jan	1	New Year's Day
Jan	2	St. Basil's Day
Jan	3	St. Epiphany
Jan	4	St. Basil's Day
Jan	5	St. Basil's Day
Jan	6	St. Basil's Day
Jan	7	St. Basil's Day
Jan	8	St. Basil's Day
Jan	9	St. Basil's Day
Jan	10	St. Basil's Day
Jan	11	St. Basil's Day
Jan	12	St. Basil's Day
Jan	13	St. Basil's Day
Jan	14	St. Basil's Day
Jan	15	St. Basil's Day
Jan	16	St. Basil's Day
Jan	17	St. Basil's Day
Jan	18	St. Basil's Day
Jan	19	St. Basil's Day
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Jan	23	St. Basil's Day
Jan	24	St. Basil's Day
Jan	25	St. Basil's Day
Jan	26	St. Basil's Day
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Jan	29	St. Basil's Day
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Jan	31	St. Basil's Day

ANNUAL ADDRESS

Carrier of "The Shelby Weekly News."

Dim midnight has pass'd, and in fancy we hear
A slow, solemn knell, for the death-stricken year;
And Time seems to beat, in the hour-frenzied glare,
A heart-rending peal—a concluding clasp.
Thy light has burn'd out, our shades are no more,
And we bid thee mournful farewell, '54!
Yes! 'thou art gone, we shall ne'er again look,
With anxious eyes, into thy mystic book,
Its lids have just closed, for its last chapter's done,
Its race is now finished—its goal has been won!
And although its pages to us have presented,
So much to admire, we're not quite contented
With all that's been done, for we think we have cause
To complain of the loss "illustration of laws";
More especially so, since in city and town,
We frequently hear that some man was shot down.

Ask why this is so, and the answer, of course

The Garland.

THE VILLAGE.

Oh, a pleasant spot is our village home,
By the side of yonder peaceful stream,
Where the waters glide o'er the pebbles white,
Like thoughtless children at a playful game;
Where the winds sweep with a silvery sigh,
O'er the rich, unfolding flowers,
And the wild bird sings its sweetest song,
In our beautiful forest bowers,
That stands all mantled in glorious green,
Round this village home of ours.

The mountain darkens the river's breast,
With its shining robes of green,
And far, far down in the water's depth,
Its shadow is dimly seen;
With the cedar spreading its boughs afar,
And the willow drooping low,
Just lightly touching the sparkling waves,
As onward they softly go.
Half merrily holding the rippling bright,
As they toss them to and fro.

And a quiet spot is our village home,
When all day is done,
When the wretched ones of the world return
To their hearth-stones one by one;
No revel sound on the air is heard,
From taverns closed and dance halls mute,
No sound is heard on the still night,
Save the village's evening hymn;
The wind-cup stands on the shell untouched,
And the dew is on the grass bright.

No splendid mansion is reared on high,
In this village home of ours,
But humble, lovely cottages we have,
Encircled with vines and flowers,
And a simple pure and fair,
Which the maidens guard at evening,
To the wretched in their lair.

There are lovelier homes in this earth I know,
There are lovelier ones than ours,
There are richer scenes, there are softer views,
There are brighter and sweeter flowers;
But oh, though these things be true,
Through their windows in grandeur gleam,
Though the scenes around them be brighter far,
Than the poet's or the painter's dream,
No place to our bosom can be so dear
As our home by the willow stream.

Miscellaneous.

THE CHRISTMAS BRIDE.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)

It was, indeed, Mary. She had opened the window to admit a little air, foggy and impure as it necessarily was, in that unhealthy locality; and upon beholding her father in the street below, standing transfixed and gazing upon her, she uttered a suppressed shriek, and fell back into her husband's arms, who had just returned from giving a music lesson; the first since his long illness.

At the sound of that shriek, Mr. Sellers recovered from the amazement into which his daughter's sudden appearance had thrown him; and, rushing to the lodging house door, without giving any explanation to Martha, he knocked at it in a style so different from his usually gentle, collected manner, that she not before divined what had happened, she might have feared that he had taken leave of his senses. A tawdry girl speedily appeared, in answer to the knock; but he thrust her aside without ceremony, and ascending the stairs, three at a time, as if he feared his daughter would be spirited away from him, appeared before the sitting-room door just as Mary opened it.

We leave the reader to imagine the hugging and crying, and all the usual accompaniments of such a meeting, only stopping to relate how Martha was detained outside by the tawdry girl, who firmly believed that a couple of thieves were taking the house by storm; and how Henry Drummond had to go down, to bring her in, and vouch for her respectability.

"Isabella has been before-hand with us, Mary tells me," said Mr. Sellers, when they were able to discuss matters quietly together.

"Indeed!" said Martha. "I trust you will pardon her disobedience. What a matter of pleasant surprise this reconciliation is to her. There is scarcely anything in the world so delightful as experiencing an unlooked-for guest."

"Except the creating of it," said a deep voice at the door. All turned; and Andrew Farleigh, for it was he, stalked forward into the middle of the room.

The Sellers and he were soon intimate, for they speedily recognized a brother spirit, and he was already acquainted with them from Isabella's report; who, the reader must be apprised, *en passant*, had been visiting Mary every day from the period of her confinement. Singularly enough, at each of these visits she had encountered Andrew; who, for some reason or another, was seldom away from the house.

It was now unanimously agreed that the additional guests—honest Andrew being present in the invitation—should take their places at the Christmas dinner, without previous notice to the Misses Sellers; and, all being satisfactorily arranged, the happy party departed; Mr. and Mrs. Sellers arriving at home just in time to make themselves comfortable before dinner.

CHAPTER V.

Christmas-eve arrived, presenting itself in very different aspects to the rich merchant and the poor artisan; the thrifty, and the drunken, and dissipated; the charitable, and those whose "bowels of compassion" had long been closed to their needy brethren. Around some hearth, the cheering light of fire-glow and hearth-warmth, rejoicing in surrounding comforts, and the power of distributing them to those who were less happily situated. Others were jocund with song and laughter; but no remembrance of the poor and suffering was there to moderate the laughter, and impart a deeper tone of feeling to the song; and so both sounded harsh and cold, and slow as their owners.

Some gilded with the lunar rays of gratitude, reflecting in their softened lustre the ardent beams of the sun of beauty that had called them into existence. On others, again, brooded a thick gloom of physical cold and darkness, and that bitterness of the spirit, which is still worse to bear than these outward evidences of selfishness on the one hand, and improvidence on the other.

Jack Marvel's dead had been decently interred. The *harrow* had been removed from under the ragged table-cloth on the deal table; the house fumigated, and the little ones supplied for once with as much bread as they could eat. A cheerful fire burned in the rusty grate, and Jack himself was attired in an old black suit which had once belonged to Mr. Sellers, and which he looked more respectable than he had done before for many a long day. All this had been effected by the rich man's kindness; and one would have expected to have found Jack's heart warmed and cheered, as he would have been at any rate by the sight of the fire and the bread and the new suit. Yet as the haggard-looking man sat brooding over the fire, while his little ones played about the floor, there was no genial glow on his features, to correspond with the improved aspect of things around him. In fact, as is common with poverty that has not left behind it

dislike, on the one hand, to receive these comforts from a man whom he had sworn to himself to hate and despise, and, on the other, a species of jealous dissatisfaction that more had not been done for himself and children.

"While he was about it," thought the discontented man, "he might as well get me back my bed, and that proud young madam, his wife, who scarcely deigned to speak two words when she was here, might have sent a bundle of her cast-off clothing, to make the children warm and decent. It is a gall and poison to receive anything from the rich, but," and here Jack wore a fearful oath—"while I was doing the thing, I'd take care I did it handsomely."

He had just arrived at this conclusion when a loud knock came to the door, breaking in upon his reflections, and startling him considerably.

"What a fool I am," he thought, "I dare say it's only Sam Jones coming in to beg a light. I'll teach him to knock, if he hammers in that way, the— Come in," he shouted rudely.

The door was flung wide open, and in marched—not Sam Jones, as he expected—but two men, bearing between them a hamper of very considerable dimensions, and equally weighty with its size; if one might judge by the evident muscular exertion of its bearers, as they set it down on the mud floor.

"All right," said one of them. "This 'ere be Mister John Marvel's, aint it?"

"Yes," said Jack, sharply.

The men departed, and the little girls, who had ceased play to gaze at them, ran towards their father.

"Father, father, big box! Come, look, father!"

Jack hesitated—for in the mood in which he then was he would have scorned to testify any curiosity, however natural—but the importunities of the children at length prevailed upon him to examine the hamper. It was well corded; and directed in a clear, decided feminine hand, gave him no clue to the sender, as he was totally unacquainted with the hand-writing.

Pray, father, he quick and open it. Do, pray, father."

"Leave me room, then, lassies," said Jack, beginning to relax in his ill-humor at the touch of their importunate caresses; for reckless and desperate as the wretched man had become, he had ever been a fond affectionate father. "Leave me a bit of room, you Emma, take hold of this knot. Now, Mary, help to lift the end of this hamper—there, there's beauties—while I pull the rope from under. Now, lassies, have you got to unfasten it and look in."

And a glorious sight rewarded their exertions. First came three large bundles of clothing, containing shirts, stockings, drawers and so forth, for Jack; and everything needful to clothe the little girls from top to toe. Then followed a package of tea, another of sugar, a huge side of bacon, a large meat pie, a piece of cold roast beef, and last not least, a glorious Christmas pudding.

"Cried the little girls, as Jack extracted from the midst of these, something nearly square wrapped up in paper—'father, what is that?'"

It was a New Testament, out of which dropped a letter for Jack, superscribed by the same hand which had written the direction on the card. This letter was from Martha, as our readers will have already anticipated, begging, in a few words that he would accept the hamper and its contents as a Christmas offering of peace and good-will from Mr. Sellers, who would do himself the pleasure of calling on his cousin in the course of a few days. "Do not refuse us," it concluded, "the happiness of being of service to you and your little girls, at a season when all old grudges ought to be forgotten, or only serve as incentives to the exercise of Christian forgiveness."

The children began to dance with delight round the old chest where all these good things were spread out, occasionally stopping to smell at the pudding, and extract a raisin, or a bit of candied peel, from its ample sides; and Jack, basking in the glow of the reply; which, however, she heard distinctly.

"He begged me to present his kindest regards, and said that unavoidable business prevented him from accepting your invitation to dinner, but that he would be with you shortly afterwards."

Martha looked towards Isabella, and her eyes met. There was an archness in the glance of the bride of made the latter blush, in spite of herself; but she thought, "My new mamma is no witch, after all; what can she know?" So, when the huge original made his appearance, just as the desert was set upon the table—for what with the youngsters, who were lost in astonishment at the handsome set out; and the zest with which the elders enjoyed the occasion, the dinner lasted till the usual period—the only thing observable in Isabella's manner, was a kind of friendly *empressment*, which completed her beauty by adding to its animation.

It was now getting dark, and as soon as a movement had been effected into the drawing-room, Martha and Isabella spoke low together, and the latter left the room for some minutes.

"What can this mystery be between Mrs. Sellers and Isabella?" whispered Jane to Caroline, as they sat apart in the amiable occupation of quizzing the guests.

"The little boudoir has been kept locked all day. I tried to get in when they were there this morning, but Isabella came to the door and told me I should know all about it this evening. Look! Mrs. Sellers has taken the key from her pocket, and now Isabella is going in with a light. She was too quick for us to see anything thro' the door, though."

In the space of ten minutes Isabella returned, leaving the mysterious portal behind her. Mr. Sellers gave her arm to Mrs. Tom, who nervously accepted the honor, and desired the rest to follow. All impelled by curiosity, immediately obeyed; and the little apartment was speedily filled to overflowing. Their eyes turned in surprise to the centre of the boudoir; for there, beneath a canopy of holy and mistletoe, stood a fine Christmas-tree.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed some of the company. "What is it?" "What does it mean?" asked others, who had never heard of this beautiful German custom. The little children danced and clapped their hands; the twins held out their arms and crowed; and the servants, who had been ordered to assemble in the drawing-room, crowded round the door, to see what was going forward.

"This is a Christmas-tree," said Mr. Sellers, "first invented by our neighbors the Germans. The proper time for its exhibition is Christmas-eve, but we took the liberty of postponing it to celebrate the happy occasion of welcoming back a much loved daughter and her esteemed husband; and of renewing our acquaintance with many kind friends too long neglected. And now Mrs. Sellers will perform her part of the evening's solemnities."

For the benefit of those of our readers who are not acquainted with the beautiful descriptions of the Christmas-tree in Mary Howitt's and other modern works, and translations, we will just say, that the one in question was a young fir-tree, placed in a large tub, gaily painted for the occasion. Its branches were hung with tiny tapers, cut paper, oranges, apples, bunches of raisins, figs, bonbons, and other showy and delectable trifles, besides more solid ornaments, in the shape of pretty and suitable

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"I saw a moment ago," said Jane, "talking to Mr. Fairleigh under the lamp."

"And here she is still," said honest Andrew, bravely handing Isabella out of the corner which had attracted the couple to its snug recess. "Here she is, ready to dance Sir Roger de Coverley, or anything else that may be required of her."

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"And a doll for me"—And a drum for me!"

"Hush, children," said buxom Mrs. Tom. Just then a dull, dead tramp, as of a number of people marching up the carriage-drive, sounded from the garden outside.

"Oh! sir," said one of the servants, coming breathlessly from the window, where she had been looking out, "such a number of people on the lawn! It can't be the Chartists, sure."

"Martha," said Mr. Sellers, "postpone the proceedings a moment. I will go and see what it means."

A few moments of suspense ensued, and some of the ladies and children began to look half frightened. Mrs. Tom pressed her hand to her forehead, and Mr. Fairleigh hastened across the room to Henry's side.

"It is only," said Mr. Sellers, returning, "a parcel of people who fancy that my little Martha here, has done them good service in this hard frost. They insist upon seeing her at one of the windows, that they may cheer her."

The green damask curtains were thrown back, the shutter of the principal window opened, and by the blaze of light in the boudoir, the figures of a plainly dressed young girl hastened to obey, and while she was still up stairs, another rat-tat-tat sounded at the hall door. The bride glanced uneasily at her husband, and her half-formed fears were quickly dispelled by the announcement of Mr. McFarlane.

And now Isabella came down in all her classical loveliness, and dinner was on the point of being announced. But there was a delay, which could not be so soon put off. Conversation of the majority of the company. Conversation of the majority of the company. Conversation of the majority of the company.

Mr. and Mrs. Sellers, too, appeared fidgety, and cast uneasy glances towards the door. At length there was another summons upon the knocker, a slight bustle on the stairs. Jane and Caroline looked at each other with surprised inquiry; the rest of the guests turned their heads eagerly, to see who the new arrivals might be; and the bride and her husband moved hastily towards the door.

Again we must call upon the reader's imagination to fill the place which we resign in humble recognition to the writer's quill to describe the sensation caused by the entrance of Mr. and Mrs. Drummond. The fearful delight of Isabella, albeit restrained by the presence of so many witnesses; the bewildered astonishment of Carry and Jane; the agitation of poor little Mary; and the sympathy of our benevolent Martha, with the extreme delight of her husband, whose heart's portals, once expanded, seemed in no danger of ever closing again—all formed a scene never to be forgotten by the parties concerned.

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"Oh! sir," said one of the servants, coming breathlessly from the window, where she had been looking out, "such a number of people on the lawn! It can't be the Chartists, sure."

It was much safer to take a pretty girl's smile, than one at the 'saloon.' The one makes a man feel like going right up into the clouds, and the other is very apt to make him go just the other way.

"Noble Boys."—A noble boy is an honor to his parents and to his school. It makes us feel happier when we meet such; and we love to tell other boys of their noble acts, that they may learn to imitate them.

One day as a boy had passed a basket of pears, another boy said to him: "Why did you not pocket some of those pears?—there was nobody there to see you."

"Yes there was—I was there to see myself, and I don't mean to pocket myself doing such a wicked thing," was his noble and prompt reply.

He who gave this answer was poorly clad, but he had a noble face and a true heart.

In the "Young Reaper" we find an incident of another noble boy:

"One pleasant Sabbath morning, in the city of New York, a boy neatly dressed, with books in hand, was seen walking slowly along the avenue, on his way to Sunday School. As he approached the corner of the street which led to the church, he heard the voices of several boys, and, on turning, found them busily playing at marbles. They at first tried to persuade him to join them; then they ridiculed him. 'You dare not stop; you dare not stay away from the Sunday School!'"

"No," said the boy, turning round and looking at them full in the face, "no; but I am going, if you do laugh at me."

Here is still another story of a noble boy who had courage to do a noble act, though rude boys stood by to ridicule him:

"A crippled beggar in a large city was striving to pick up some old clothes that had been thrown from a window, when a crowd of rude boys gathered about him, mimicking his awkward movements, and hooting at his helplessness and rags. Presently a noble little fellow came up, and pushing through the crowd, helped the poor cripple man to pick up his wares, and placed them in a bundle. Then slipping a piece of silver into his hands, he was running away, when a voice far above him said, 'Little boy, with a straw hat, look up.' He did so, and a lady, leaning from an upper window, said earnestly: 'God bless you, my little fellow—God will bless you for that!'"

"The lady was the wife of a man so distinguished among the great men of this world, that every one of the boys would have been proud to obtain her approbation; and when she wrote down his name as one she wished to remember, he felt more than paid for all he had done."

"As he walked along he thought how glad he had made his own heart by doing good. He thought of the poor beggar's grateful look; and then of the lady's smile, and the words of approval; and last, and better than all, he could almost hear his heavenly Father whispering, 'Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy.'"

Little reader, when you have an opportunity to do good, and feel tempted to neglect it, remember—the little boy with the straw hat."

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Louisville Advertisers.

J. W. HUNT, W. H. STANFORD.

J. W. HUNT & CO.

Manufacturers of
TOILET AND
No. 42, Third Street, Louisville, Ky.
IMPORTERS and Wholesale Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Perfumery, Soaps, Toilet Articles, Essential Oils, and perfumery goods, generally, are now prepared to furnish their customers with goods of their own production, warranted to be the best in the market, together with a full assortment of Harrison's, Bazar's, Haul's, and Taylor's goods, at manufacturers' prices.
Oct. 4, 1854.

T. & R. SLEVIN & CAIN,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN DRY GOODS,
No. 515 Main st., a few doors above South, (J. Low & Co.'s old stand,) Louisville, Ky.
A large stock of Fall and Winter Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods. Our stock embraces—Cloths, Cassimers, Satinets, Tweed, Portraits, Bonnets and Mantilla Silk Velvets; Irish Linen, Goods, generally, Gloves, Hosiery; Handkerchiefs, Cravats, Throats, Buttons, and Buttons generally; Blankets, Flannels; Quilts, Shirtings, Sheetings, &c., &c.
Our stock being selected with the utmost care, and at the lowest rates, we offer everything in our line at a very small advance. We shall keep our assortment constantly reduced, and our prices as low as the market, and the latest importations. We very respectfully solicit the patronage of the late firm of T. & R. Slevin, and country merchants generally to examine our goods.

Settlements with T. & R. Slevin attended to.
THOMAS SLEVIN,
(Survivor of T. & R. Slevin.)
RICHARD D. SLEVIN
THOMAS F. CAIN.

Late Slevin & Cain, No. 101 South, for many years competing with the house of J. Slevin, Cincinnati, Louisville, Sept. 20, 1854. (Low Den.) 100766

M'MULLEN & MOORE,

MANUFACTURERS OF
Candies, Syrups and Cordials,
AND DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
Green and Dried Fruits, Nuts, Pickles, Preserves,
Oysters, Sardines, Cigars, Tobacco, etc.,
503, MAIN ST., ADJOINING BANK OF LOUISVILLE,
LOUISVILLE, KY.
Dec. 13, 1854.

LEMON SYRUP.

250 dozen Lemon Syrup
warranted to keep, for sale by
M'MULLEN & MOORE.

WINE AND LIQUORS.

4 pipes 4th proof Champagne Brandy;
2 1/2 " " " " " " " "
2 1/2 " " " " " " " "
10 bbls pure Peach Brandy;
10 bbls pure Apple Whisky;
10 casks Madeira Wine, Imported from Oporto;
1 " Burgundy Port Wine;